THE OWOSSO TIMES.

VOL. III. OWOSSO, MICH., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1881. NO. 30.

SEVENTEEN AND SEVENTY.

Oh grandma sits in her oaken chair,
And in flies Bessie with tangled hair;
"I'm going to be married, oh, grandmamma,
I'm going to be married! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string;
"Do you know, my dear, 'tis a solemn thing?"
"'Tis solemner not to grandmamma,
I'm going to be married. Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Then grandma look through her seventy years,
And sums up a woman's hopes and fears:
Six of 'em living and two of 'em dead;
Grandpa helpless and tied to his bed.

Nowhere to live when the house burned down;
Years of fighting with old Mother Brown;
Stockings to darn and bread to bake,
Dishes to wash and dresses to make.

But then the music of pattering feet,
Grandpa's kisses so fond and sweet,
Song and prattle the livelong day,
Joy and kisses and love alway.

Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string,
And gazes down at her wedding ring,
And still she smiles as she drops a tear;
"'Tis solemner not to. Yes, my dear."

—*Ex.*

A Western Obituary.

He is gone. Yes, he is gone, but we have his obituary. He lived out towards the rear of a Western state, and there also he died. That is enough about him—let us wave him aside; our light is with the obituary. I think it contains rhetorical blemishes. Thus it begins:

"While yet on the threshold of animated strife, and no unkind visions confronted him on life's journey, overtaken by the still voice of the tomb, he responded by enlisting in the great army or the unreturning past."

I do not think these ingredients are mixed properly. If there was a fight, and the fight was in the house, "threshold" goes passably well with "animated strife," but not otherwise. But I do not think there was a fight at that time; he did not 'enlist" until later, when he was on a journey and was overtaken by the still voice of the tomb. His mistake lay in "responding;" he could have let on that he did not hear, since it was a still voice.

"While yet the spring-time of youth blossomed on his locks, the cold touch of an untimely frost fell upon and nipped a life which was yet in bloom."

Now, you see, there was no fight, after all; he froze to death.

"But thus it is; when the lamp of life shines brightest its extinguishment produces thickest darkness."

He had his lantern with him; therefore he could have been nothing but a scout, sent out to hunt up the enemy. I think it possible that there was no fight,

"Life, at best, is but an exiled wandering pilgrim on a desert island, surrounded by the boundless and merciless sea of eternity, on whose barren coast inevitable death awaits on every side its victim unawares."

Starved to death on an island, and probably drowned, into the bargain—"unawares." Life is full of troubles.

"Ere yet the fruits of manhood's laurel had ripened on his brow, he laid himself to rest in communion with the dead."

There is no reasonable fault to be found with his not waiting for the crop; for even if the laurel yielded a berry—which it does not—it would not ripen on a person's brow.

"Ere yet the shadows of disappointed hope darkened the horizon of a dawning future, he reclined on his lowly couch to mingle with the cold and forgotton dust."

I do not like this. A person does not travel with a couch and a lantern, too, in such a place as that. And why "cold" dust? Is the warm kind preferable? And did this man lie down and cover up and peter out in the natural way, after all? There are many perplexing difficulties about this history.

"During many long years, with that filial affection which makes a child loved by its parents, and respected by its neighbors, he has proven a husband, father, son and brother."

Filial affection does not "prove" anything. The official records of the county will show whether he was a father, mother, brother and sister or not, but filial affection is no sufficient evidence of mere abstract pretensions like these.

"For his toils he lived."

That is all right—let that pass; the object of this injury is what he died for—that, and which thing it was that killed him the most.

"But now that the thunderbolt of heaven has fallen upon the hearthstone of their family circle"—

Why, good land, he was struck by lightning! Take it all around, this is one of the most checkered death-beds that has ever come under my observation. Destroyed in fight, frost-bitten, starved, drowned, squelched in the tranquil couch, splintered by the bolts of heaven!—is it little wonder that he faded from our view.

"It may not, perchance, have been given him to climb the dizzy heights of statesmanship, where Bacon and Burke were so often heard, or fathom deeply the bosom of science, where Huxley and Tyndall stroll with familiar step."

The nautical phrase is misplaced there; one does not fathom a bosom. Neither do any but the most reckless people go tramping around in such a place.

"But he is gone. He sleeps his long, last sleep, unconscious of the night winds that chant the requiem o'er his grave, or the vesper breezes that play among the lonesome pine, making music as though each bough played the strings of Apollo's golden harp."

Very well, that's all square and right. And all to his advantage, too, but he missed his obituary.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

CURE FOR EARACHE.—Put about four drops of laudanum and four drops of best kerosene oil into a teaspoon; put in a little bit of cotton-batting—about enough to absorb the mixture; hold the spoon and contents over a lighted candle or gas-light till it begins to hiss with the heat, turn the cotton over, apply spoon and contents once more to the heat, then pinch out the cotton; put it hot into the ear, tie a bandage over the ear to keep the heat in, and relief is immediate. If you are subject to ear-ache keep a little box with a small vial of each of the articles named, and you can get relief at all hours of the night or day in a few moments.

FOR CHILBLAINS.—Steep white oak leaves (found on the trees during the winter season) and soak the feet several nights in succession.

NOVEMBER.

The hoar frost glistens in the morn;
The dry leaves flutter to the ground;
From boding death and scenes forlorn
The wild bird hastens, Southward bound.

On distant hills the soft blue haze,
The lingering green of vale and lawn,
Revive, in these November days,
But memories of the Summer gone:

Autumnal triumphs, bright and brief
As all our joys that come and go;
The dying boast of flower and leaf,
Cheered as the fading sunset-glow.

Vain show of summer's waning health,—
Sardonic dressing for the grave,—
Poor recompense for all the wealth
Of green that shower and sunshine gave.

Now o'er the scene, in weeds of death,
Sad Nature mourns the perished year;
No hue of bloom, no roses' wreath,
But ashes strew the season's bier.

We love this old prolific theme
That singers of all times have told,
Because so like our living dream:
The lays of life grow never old.

From Autumn gray to Winter white,
Our closing season swiftly tends;
We drift toward the icy blight
Where all our speculation ends.

Our dreams point to the final bourn,
Our thoughts to prospects dead and sere,
And only then we learn to mourn
A setting sun or dying year.

IRREPARABLENESS.

I have been in the meadows all the day
And gathered there the nosegay that you see,
Singing within myself as a bird or bee,
When such do field work on a morn of May.
But now I look upon my flowers, decay
Has met them in my hands more fatally
Because more warmly clasped,—and sobs are free
To come instead of songs. What do you say,
Sweet counselors, dear friends? that I should go
Back straightway to the fields, and gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it,—but not I!
My heart is very tired, my strength is low,
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

BY THE BREADTH OF AN AX.

A quarter of a mile back from the river on the street that led down to Martin's saw mill, on the St. Anthony Falls, stood the little white cottage that Jack Donnelly had bought for his bride. It was not all paid for yet, but the mortgage had been growing smaller each spring for three years, and a couple of seasons more would see the entire amount paid, and then Alice would be the proud owner of what she and Jack thought was the prettiest place in Minneapolis.

And almost any one who might have happened to catch a glimpse, from the cross street, of the tidy little kitchen where Alice was busy one May evening at sunset, would have been inclined to agree with the verdict.

The floor was bare, but it was so spotlessly clean that no one would have dared to suggest the idea that it looked bare. The stove was not very large, but it seemed to be trying to give out the heat of a furnace, and the red glow that came from its open door was like the head-light of a locomotive. Everything in the room was plain, and there did not seem to be anything there that was not absolutely necessary. The luxuries could wait till the mortgage was paid off. But what there was was scrubbed till it shone, and the tea-kettle was puffing out steam like mad. It was fairly wonderful how that little kettle puffed and sang, and how the lid danced lightly up and down.

But the brightest, tidiest object in the room was Alice, with her brown hair tied securely back with a blue ribbon (Jack liked blue so very much) and her blue eyes watching each particular thing on the stove all the time, and yet looking every moment at the table to see if anything was missing that Jack would want, and into the other room to see if baby was all right and out of mischief, and at the clock to see that the minutes were not going too fast, she flitted around the room singing like a bird.

Everything was done just right, and the clock said a quarter past six. Jack would be there in a minute or two, so supper was set back where it would keep hot but not wait. It wouldn't be long; Jack never loitered on his way home. There was too much happiness waiting for him. No stopping at the corner for a glass of something hot and strong.

But the little clock kept on ticking just as though Jack was there. And the ticking grew louder and louder, and more and more disagreeable, as it remorselessly checked off minute after minute of the time that Jack was overdue.

Ten minutes, twenty, thirty, and the anxious little housewife sighed, as she wondered what could be keeping Jack. It was nonsense to suppose that he was hurt. She would not think of it for a moment. The idea that Jack—her Jack—the bravest, strongest, coolest logger on the river, had been hurt, was laughable. And she laughed. But it did not sound like the ripples of merriment that Jack loved so well, and it stopped very suddenly, fading away from a face that looked very sober when it was gone.

Then baby began to cry, and there was no use worrying then, because Jack would be at home before baby was quieted. And she began singing to the little one. But there were one or two false notes in the song, and baby evidently had an ear for music, for he refused to be quieted.

And then, just as two big tears were coming in her blue eyes, the front gate opened, and Jack's step was heard. In a moment more he was in the room, hearty and big as ever, but very wet and pale.

'There! there! Alice, darling, kiss me again, but don't put your arms around me, fur I've had a duckin'. Why, darling, 'tain't nothin'. Yer needen't be frightened—now. Hain't yer found out by this time that a logger is liable ter git wet? There, there; pet. Don't ye cry. Thank God, I ain't hurt.'

And the great brawny fellow, wet as he was, took the fair girl in his arms, and was stroking her hair, and was kissing it.

'Oh, I'm so happy!' said Alice laughing and crying at once, and giving him little squeezes and taps, and running from his arms to the closet and back to his arms again, and getting kisses and dry clothes as fast as she could.

'Now, don't say a word about it, Jack, till you've had your supper,' she said a few minutes later. 'But what a shame it is that supper is spoiled. Shall I cook you another?'

'Spoiled, eh? Well I rather like spiled things like these;' and Jack laughed as he drank the hot tea that was slowly bringing him out of the chill of his icy bath. But when the supper was over, and baby was asleep, and Alice had filled up the pipe that she pretended to like the smoke of because Jack had smoked so long that he thought he couldn't stop, and when she saw that it was fairly lit and drawing all right, she nestled down close beside him and said:

'Now Jack, tell about it.'

'Well, Alice, dear, it was a mighty close fit. I will tell you: There was a dozen of us sortin' logs up at the bottoms, fer to feed the mills tomorrow, an' a good many logs had come down through the day, an' a kind o' jammed up things so they was some danger o' the boom breakin,' cause the water's higher'n usual just now. Aleck Brown an' me was together, an' I see Aleck looked sort o' serious, so I asked him 'bout it. He didn't say nothin' fur a minute, but pretty soon he says: 'Jim Gage'd oughter know, and he says the boom is strong; but I reckon if they is much of a jam up above, it'll tear things when it does bust. An' judgin' by the looks of the river, I reckon they is a bad jam somewhere.'

'I looked up the river, an' see't they was mighty few logs comin' down, and I knowed they must be. Just then Bill Hovy come down an' says: 'They is a jam up to Wilson's Bend.'

'Twern't only two o'clock, an' I knowed I was likely to git back at the usual time, so I didn't send ye no word, but Aleck an' me, an' half a' dozen o' the fellows jumped into a wagon an' drove up's fast's we could go.

'When we got there we see 'twere a bad jam, fur another one further up the river had busted an' piled up the logs mighty thick. When one busts onto another that way, ye know, it makes it bad.

'Well, we worked nigh an hour trying to start her from the shore, but t'wasn't no use and finally Aleck says:

''Twon't do to let this go on. We've got to work in the middle. Who'll go with me? An' he starts out on the jam fur the middle o' the river.

'Well, I see the boys all look at me. They knowed well enough, that I was the best man to go, I knowed it too, but I thought o' you an' I waited a minute. But the other fellers said they wouldn't, so I went.

'Fore I got to where Aleck was, I see that if we did start it from the middle, we'd likely have to come down on the logs to the boom, an' I knowed it were a mighty risky job. But 'twas the only way to save the mills, an' somebody had ter do it, so Aleck an' I worked the best we knowed for half an hour. At last we started it, an' I see there was just a chance o' getting to shore. Aleck was just ahead of me, an' we was goin' as fast as we could, when the thing give way, an' we was sailin' down the river at about fifteen miles an hour.

'We hadn't gone a quarter of a mile afore the log I was on turned, an' in steppin' round, one o' the spikes on my boots snapped off an I slipped in. I hung on to my pole, an' it made a bridge 'tween the logs, an' I was just climbin' up when another log struck the end of it an' splintered it into bits. I fell back, and thought I was gone clean under, but the two logs just clamped me by the neck.

'You may know how quick they come together by knowin' they didn't graze my shoulders as I fell, but they caught my neck afore my head got under the water. But quick as 'twas, I had time, as I see 'em comin' to hope you was prayin' for me. It didn't look like anything else could save me, for I knowed when the logs come together they'd crush my neck like an egg-shell."

'Oh Jack!' poor Alice was white with horror, and trembling like a leaf.

'Yes, dear,' said Jack, drawing her closer, 'I thought of you, an' felt mighty sorry fur little Jack. Lor' I know'd how you loved yer great, rough ignorant—'

'Hush! please don't!' and Alice's hand was on his lips.

'Well, well, I didn't have time to think of much, fur I felt the logs was chokin' me, an' yet I knowed somethin' was keepin' 'em about four inches apart.

'What 'twas I didn't know till afterwards.

'My arms was free under, an' I tried to pull the logs apart, but bless ye, they was a million pound pressure, an' I might's well ha' tried to pull up a tree, an' I begin to give up, when I see somethin' fly through the air an' light on a log nigh me, an' I heard Aleck call out: 'Help! Help!

'He might as well ha' hollered to the stars fur help's holler ter the fellers on the shore, fur they couldn't get to us then, an' I knowed it. But it give me hope ter hear his voice so near by. I was bothered, though, to know how he came to be so near, fur just afore I slipped, I see there was a clean place nigh thirty foot between us.

'The boys said, afterward, 't he'd jumped a fifteen foot gap. I don't know but he did, but I never see no such things done. Anyway, he was there, an' as soon 's he landed he was workin' like mad. He pried one log out 'n got it across the end o' the one I'd been on, and then he pried open the two 't held me, 'n got between 'm. Alice, 'twas more'd enny three men on the river'd do, but he did it all alone. Aleck an' me was friends— I reckon now we always will be.

'Well, 's soon 's he'd done this, 'twere easy fur me to climb out, with a little help from him, an' I was all right again: an' I'm blamed if I didn't have ter steady Aleck fur two or three minutes, he was that weak.

''Twas easy enough after that, ter shore when we come to the slack water, above a dam. But afore I left it I looked to see what it was 't kept it just fur enough from th' other to save me. And Alice, it were an ax. Some feller had struck his ax into that log and left it there. Likely the log had turned over, and he had lost it. Anyway, there it was right close to where my neck was, and the edge was 'gin a knot, that was hard enough ter keep 't from crushing right in.'

'Jack, I want that ax,' said Alice, looking up suddenly, and smiling through her tears.

'I knowed you would darling, an' I brought it home for you,' and the big logger went to the door, and brought in a rust-covered ax, which Alice took possession of. And to this day that rusty ax hangs on the wall, just over Alice's sewing machine.—*Exchange.*

Canada's Mounted Police.

The special correspondent of the London *Times*, who made the Northwest tour with Lord Lorne, praises up the mounted police, of whom (he says) it would be difficult to speak too highly. Lord Lorne, always very keen in military matters since the days when he himself worked *con amore* in a volunteer artillery corps, and for an amateur, therefore, an unusually good judge, pronounced them "as fine a troop as he ever saw." They are ludicrously underhanded for the ground they have to cover, and the number of Indians and white men, often more unmanageable than Indians, whom they are expected to keep in order. They are 300, and the Indians may be counted by tens of thousands. Yet, if a crime be committed out on the prairie, a handful of mounted police seize the criminal, a chief it may be, surrounded by his tribe, and carry him off to the nearest fort as coolly as a policeman would take up a pickpocket in Cheapside. Not long ago some Cree chiefs, considering themselves aggrieved by the Government, seized upon some Government cattle passing through their territory, killing and eating three. Colonel Herschimer and six of his men happened to come to the place almost the same day. They at once summoned the chiefs to surrender. The chiefs refused, armed themselves and their immediate followers, and, as the police approached, fired a volley over, but pretty near, their heads, to intimidate them. Had the fire been returned the police, far outnumbered, would probably have been slain to a man; but, calmly relying on the majesty of the law, they walked under the bullets right into the Indian camp, handcuffed three chiefs and carried them off, amid loud protestations and threats, but no actual violence. A still more striking case occurred quite recently among the Blackfeet. One of the mounted police was murdered, shot in the back—by a young Blackfoot Indian, whose father had, or thought he had, a grievance against the government, and on his death-bed bequeathed the legacy of vengeance to his son. The murderer at first escaped over the American frontier, but, coming back, was taken by a small body of police from the very midst of his tribe, to whom he appealed in vain, though they knew enough of English customs to know that he was being carried to death. He is now in Fort MacLeod, to which we are on our way, and though his execution is a certainty, and the Blackfeet, many of them armed with Winchesters, are quite numerous and powerful enough to avenge—as they might have rescued—him, indeed, powerful enough to raise war, not the slightest apprehension is felt of their making any serious difficulty, or the governor general, I need scarcely say, would not be allowed to go among them, except under the strongest protests from those responsible for his safety. The Indians know well that nothing more than strict justice has been or will be done. What is perhaps still more curious than their submitting to the control of the police rather than resist it by force is that they voluntarily make use of it themselves. If an Indian nowadays has his horse stolen, instead of going at once on the war-path, and trying to recover it himself, together with the thief's scalp, he appeals to the police and expects them to recover it, which they usually do.

Special reports have been received of small-pox at St. Joseph, Berrien Co., and in Bingham and Leelenaw townships, Leelanaw County. The disease was brought to St. Joseph from Chicago. In Leelanaw county it began with two Indians who contracted it at Traverse City while loading a vessel with wood. One case of smallpox at Albion is reported November 20, 1881. Because smallpox may be brought to any locality at any time by immigrants or travelers, it is prudent for all persons to seek protection by vaccination or revaccination with pure bovine virus. Local boards of health are authorized by law to make provision for free vaccination.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Col. Rockwell, President Garfield's intimate friend, is placed in charge of the late President's literary work under the supervision of Mrs. Garfield.

Eighteen million dollars is the size of the mortgage filed by the Baltimore, Cincinnati and Western railroad in favor of the Mercantile Trust company New York.

A killing frost in Louisiana early Friday morning extended nearly all over the state. Ice formed on standing water in New Orleans.

Jarvis & Adams novelty works, Pittsburg, Pa., burned at a loss of $40,000; insured for $20,000.

The lumberman's exchange of Chicago have advanced prices 50 cents per thousand on narrow common boards dressed and matched, on common and cull boards 20 cents, and laths 40 cents.

The court has appointed James B. Jenkinson receiver of the factory and property of C. Nugent & Co., Newark, N. J., by consent of all parties concerned, and the works will continue operations for the benefit of all creditors under Nugent's superintendence pending legal proceedings.

By a recent Mexican proclamation the price of public lands is fixed, varying from $150 per square league in Campeachy to $4,389 in the Federal district about the city of Mexico. The square league contains a little over 5,700 acres.

The novelty works of Jarvis & Adams Pittsburg, Pa., have been totally destroyed by fire. At a loss of $40,000, on which there is an insurance of $20,000.

The breaking of a steam pipe in a New York theater caused a panic, in which several persons were seriously hurt but no one was killed

Whitelaw Reid has what printers call a "fat take." He draws a salary of $6,000 a year as editor and $35,000 as husband.

Mary Clemmer has been compelled to suspend literary work on account of an affection of the eyes.

It is believed that one Daniel Shepard will succeed sweet William Henry Smith as collector of the port of Chicago.

A steam fire engine in Philadelphia ran away Sunday night, crashed into a street car and killed two young men standing on the platform.

Mrs. Lincoln has imprisoned herself in a sort of private hotel and Turkish bath-house in New York, and refuses to see all company. All tenders of friendship are disregarded.

The ladies of the Philadelphia silk culture association are making as a present for Mrs. Garfield, a silk dress, which, it is said, will have the distinction of being the first ever made entirely in America—material, fabric, designs and all.

Mrs. Garfield will soon receive from the Women's Silk Culture Association the first silk dress every part of which from egg to finished fabric has been produced in this country. The silk has just been reeled by the members of the association, and is said to be equal to the best Italian silk.

One can get some idea of the wealth of the mines on the Pacific coast from the fact that in 1877 there was $76,000,000 on deposit in the savings banks of California. This is the largest amount of money ever held by the banks of the State at one time, and its accumulation was the result of the mining prosperity that had prevailed for some time previous.

Aeronauts have a unique method of taking "soundings" to learn their distance from the earth when they are being swept rapidly along in the night. According to the Signal Service officer who recently accompanied Professor King on his perilous journey from Chicago to a Wisconsin swamp, a loud shout is given, and then the seconds are counted until the echo from the ground is heard. The height is estimated by the time required for the return of the sound.

The contest for the Speakership at Washington has commenced in good earnest There are at least nine Republican candidates in the field, and no one can tell which will come out ahead in the race, nor say that some dark horse may not appear and be the winner.

A national dairy fair is opened at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and dealers in butter, cheese and eggs from all parts of the country attend the gathering. About 80 Chicago dealers on Monday joined the delegation from Boston and started for Cedar Rapids on a special train It is regarded as the most important dairy convention ever assembled.

The Democrats of the U. S. Senate will meet on Saturday to consider the formation of the committees.

The Readjusters will have 22 majority in the Virginia Legislature.

Henry Villon, President of the Northern Pacific Railroad has now the controlling interest in the Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

President James B. Angell and family have reached Naples, and, after visiting Rome, will soon embark for America, expecting to reach home early in February.

Edison has bought $52,000 worth of land at East Newark, on which he will erect a mammoth factory for making electric lamps.

Mrs. Morton, wife of the American Minister to France, is indisposed, and by advice of her doctors will go with Mr. Morton to pass December at Cannes, where they will meet ex-President Hayes.

There is a monster orange tree near Fort Harley, Fla., which measures nine feet one inch in circumference. It is over 50 years old, and some seasons has had over 9,000 oranges on it.

Keokuk had a queer matrimonial jumble the other day, when a father's son married a father's divorced wife, the father having secured a divorce in order that he might marry his wife's sister.

One business firm in London has chartered a big steamer, which will be fitted up with rooms for samples and with berths for the representatives of commercial houses. It will then be sent around the world.

In France a pearl costing $16 is now imitated for 50 cents or $1, and so successfully as to be sold at the prices of the genuine article to any one not a veritable expert, and even the latter class are often puzzled.

The Texas state house was burned because a stovepipe hole between two rooms of the adjutant general's office, stopped on one side by a pine ceiling, was taken for an opening into a chimney and a stove set up accordingly.

Louis Lorillard's $500 dog Flora has been stolen from his stable in New York and he swears he will spend $10,000 if necessary, to find and punish the thief, whether he gets the dog again or not.

It has cost the United States $600,000,000 in pensions from the start, and we have now on the books, 8,000 pensioners of the war of 1812, about 5,000 Mexican war pensioners, in all 268,000 names on the rolls, with 270,000 applications on file.

Revenue Officer James Davis of Athens, Ala., has a horse that can scent a distillery 2½ miles distant, so that when he is in the neighborhood of one, he throws up his head, sniffs the air, and, left to himself, takes his rider directly to the den of the moonshiner.

The Concord, N. H., Monitor says that many partridges are dying in that state, and offers this explanation: "A gentleman of this city a few days since, carefully examining one which was found dead, found three small ulcers upon the sides and top of the head, in one of which was a small tick, which had made its way through the skull into the brain, causing death.

In the case of Edward Maxwell, who was dragged out of a court room by lynchers at Durand, Wis., the noose killing him before the mob got him to a tree, a Coroner's jury has declared that he "fell from the court house steps and broke his neck."

The list of recent losses by fires is a long one. A Decatur, Texas, dispatch, Nov. 29 says: The county court house was burned to the ground yesterday. Loss not accurately known but believed to be not less than $155,000. Criminal and civil docket papers, indictments etc., were entirely destroyed, also many other papers. The safe in the county clerk's office with its records and $3,000 in cash is believed to be destroyed. The fire was incendiary.

The foundry of R. J. Kilpatrick in south St. Louis was burned early Tuesday morning. Loss estimated at $20,000; insured for $5,000.

Marion's hat store in Rochester, N. Y., was burned the 29th. Loss $40,000.

A fire in New York on Tuesday destroyed the hospital of the deaf and dumb asylum. The flames fortunately were extinguished without a panic among the inmates of the institution. The sick in the hospital were safely removed.

Fire at Oshkosh, Wis., totally destroyed G. C. Griffith & Co.'s shingle mill. Loss, $12,000; insurance, $6,000, $1,000 each in America, Union of Philadelphia, Star of New York, the others unknown

A Boston dispatch says: The insurance on the American rubber works, burned last night, is over $200,000 and held mostly by companies outside of Boston and in foreign companies.

An Augusta, Ark., telegram says: Fire last at midnight burned the entire business portion of this city. Over 50 buildings were consumed. The total loss is estimated at $200,000; insurance about $75,000. The P. O., Wood's hotel, Steven's hotel and Hamblett & Penn's cotton shed, containing 200 bales of cotton, were also destroyed. The fire originated in Cavenese's saloon, and was caused by a defective flue.

Guiteau was on the stand Tuesday, but had things pretty much his own way. He leaded sickness, and was excused from giving his story at length. He deprecated cross examination, and said he was not prepared. When, late in the day he took the stand he was much agitated. His counsel read his letters, while he sunk into his seat. When he took the stand his delivery was rapid and nervous, and troublesome to reporters. He told the story of his connection with the Oneida community, of his efforts to buy the Inter-Ocean, of his attendance on the Moody meetings, of his lecturing, and of his frequent failures and the causes. He will resume the stand Wednesday, and an exciting time is anticipated when he comes to the assassination scene.

Guiteau occupied the stand parts of Tuesday and Wednesday, giving his personal recollections of his past history and events. He found a parallel between himself and the Apostle Paul—told of his intimacy with the distinguished politicians—said he was inspired by God to kill the President himself. He manifested a good deal of petulance under Judge Porter's cross-examination, and the impression gains at Washington that Scoville made a mistake in putting him on the stand. His manner has done much to shake the belief of those who thought him insane. He has told his story in too straight a manner for a crazy man. Judge Porter was not so tender on Guiteau's hilarity as the court had been. He told the assassin to "shut up," when he objected to having his crime called murder. "Murder it is and murder it will remain," said Porter. About fifty experts are yet on hand to prove insanity. The following colloquy affords a specimen of his manner under cross-examination: Q.—Did you say to officer Scott on leaving the depot after the murder of the President: "Gen. Arthur is now President?" A.—I decline to answer that. Q.—Why do you object to answering that? A.—I suppose I did say that (then he added excitedly) I want it distinctly understood that I did not do that of my own personal volition but on inspiration of the Deity. I never would have shot the President on my own personal account. The Deity inspired the act and the Deity would take care of it. The Deity furnished the money with which I bought the pistol; I was the agent. The Deity inspired me to remove the President and I had resort to my own means to accomplish the Deity's will.

A terrible collision on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Lawrence Station, occured Wednesday morning, by which many were killed and wounded. The passenger train was run into by a freight train.

Kansas bank depositors are determined to apply the hempen argument to dishonest bank officials. Danford, the proprietor of a chain of broken Savings banks at Caldwell and at Osago City, together with his cashier, are in the hands of the Sheriff, who says he can not protect them from the mob of creditors, who say that he must "settle or swing."

George Laws's will gives his wife $25,000 cash, $100,000 of United States bonds, a yearly income of $25,000, and the homestead and all pertaining to it. The rest goes equally to the children.

One can get some idea of the wealth of the mines on the Pacific coast from the fact that in 1877 there was seventy-six million dollars on deposit in the saving banks of California. This is the largest amount of money ever held by the banks of the state at one time, and its accumulation as the result of the mining prosperity that had prevailed for some time previous.

The citizens of Cedar Rapids, Ia., gave a reception to the delegates to the Butter, Cheese and Egg Convention Wednesday morning. On the reassembling of the convention the subject of oleomargarine was discussed. One delegate asserted that the adulteration was destroying our butter trade at home and abroad. It was suggested that efforts be made to secure a law compelling dealers to put adulterations on the market for just what they are. The convention passed a resolution recommending the passage of a law to prevent the adulteration of butter and cheese.

The fifteenth day of the assassin's trial was pretty much taken up with his cross-examination by Judge Porter. The prisoner however did not confine himself to direct replies to the questions, but expatiated widely, and among other things invited his friends to send him money for his defense. He constantly repudiated the imputation of malice or murder but kept the ideas of inspiration, by the Deity in all his acts before the court. He was much agitated by the sharp questions put by Porter and replied with insolence and vituperation. The following will serve as a sample for all: Being asked how many times he had spoken with Conkling on the street, answered: "I met him once on the street. He was exceedingly cordial, and he bowed and said: 'How do you do, Mr. Guiteau.' I was on good terms with all those men during March and April.' Porter (slowly and with great deliberation) —"Did Senator Conkling—" The prisoner (interrupting)—"Oh, don't look so fierce at me I don't care a snap of my finger for you.' Porter—"But you will answer my questions." The prisioner—"Put your questions in a quiet, simple sort of way and I will." Porter—"Did Senator Conkling ever promise to support your application for the Paris Consulship?" The prisioner—"My expectation about the Pari Consulship was that I would get it through my personal influence with the President, Blaine and Logan, and that when my nomination went to the senate, Senator Conkling and that sort of men would see it through; but I don't think it necessary to discuss this matter of the Paris Consulship. I went over it all yesterday and I decline to discuss it further. There is no use wasting the time of this honorable court in going over it again. If you do not know the facts about it yet, you had better read this morning's papers and you will find them." Being asked about the inspiration of his suggestion to Garfield that he would succeed him in 1884 he replied in a resolute tone: "I decline to discuss this subject any further. You have gone over it two or three times, and I decline to discuss it any more. If your idea were correct about my having malice in the matter, Blaine was the man for me to have shot. What possible ill will could I have had against Garfield? My getting or not getting office had nothing to do with it whatever. It only shows how absurd and nonsensical your theory is. If Gen. Garfield had paid respect to those letters it would have been all right. But what did he do? He went and sold himself soul and body to Blaine. He did not appreciate the sentiment and kindness of those letters, but threw himself into Blaine's hands and allowed Blaine to use the Presidency to destroy Conkling and Grant." Q.—Did you say to President Garfield that he would have no peace till he got rid of Blaine?" Prisoner.—"Yes, and that was the way the stalwart and liberal papers all over the country talked. That was the way the Washington Republican and Gorham and that kind of people talked.' Porter—"Did you say Blaine was a wicked man?" Prisoner—"Yes, because he was using President Garfield, who was a good man and a kind man, but weak politician. Garfield just sold himself, body and soul, to Blaine. That was what Gen. Grant himself said in his letter denouncing Garfield for selling himself out to Blaine." Porter—"Did you say yesterday you did not desire the removal of Secretary Blaine?" The prisoner—"I did, and you cannot find it in the record. I insist now upon your finding it in the record. I want to fasten something on to you. I am as good a man as you are." Porter—"I know you think so." The prisoner (angrily)—"Yes, and the public will think so, too." Mr. Porter—"Was your motive for demanding Blaine's resignation because he had said to you never speak to him again on the Paris Consulship." The prisoner (excitedly) —"I told you that had nothing to do with the Paris Consulate. I want to ram that into you and put it down deep. [Laughter.] I am talking now about national politics and not about a miserable office, and, if you would try to get your brains to take that in, it would be better. I am not a disappointed office-seeker."

The creditors of Danford, the defaulting banker at Caldwell, Ks., have the alternatives under consideration of accepting securities which may pay them 10 cents on a dollar, or of hanging the banker.

Laborers in the steel works at Joliet, Ill., struck Thursday, in consequence of a notice by Superintendent Smith that all common laborers would be reduced to 12 1-2 cents per hour. The entire works were compelled to shut down, and as a result 2,500 men are thrown out of employment.

Garcia-Calderon, ex-provisional president of Peru, was arrested on the 6th inst. by order of the Chilian commander, Lynch, for continuing to act as president. Calderon is succeeded by Admiral Montero, who will sign a peace treaty and be recognized by Minister Hulbert.

The greatest demonstration ever held in Scotland in connection with land agitation took place Thursday at Aberdeen. Two thousand delegates, representing 40,000 farms, were present. Several Scotch members of parliament attended. Resolutions were passed demanding a general reduction of rents, compensation for improvements, abolition of laws of entail and other legislation in the interest of tenant farmers. It was urged that the legislative changes required must apply to existing see. A farmers' alliance for Scotland was formed.

At a meeting of Americans in Paris, December 5, to take measures to raise subscriptions in aid of the construction of a monument and hospital in America in memory of President Garfield, a committee under the direction of Minister Morton was appointed to receive subscriptions.

The pulpit was set outside the church at Winslow, Texas, in order to give room for a stage on which to perform "Pinafore," and when again needed for use it was missing. Several weeks of search elapsed before it was found in a gambling house, where it had been altered into a faro table.

When a texas couple stood up to be married the minister saw the handle of a pistol protruding from the bridegroom's pocket and suggested that, out of respect to the solemn ceremony, it be laid aside. The advice was heeded. Then the bride demurely drew a dagger from her bosom and tossed it beside the other weapon.

To geologists, the gorge below Niagara Falls has been the most convincing evidence of the great antiquity of the glacial age, it being assumed that at least 30,000 years were necessary for its formation.